**The Lady and the Tiger**

Shakespeare sonnet 58

That god forbid, that made me first your slave,

I should in thought control your times of pleasure,

Or at your hand th' account of hours to crave,

Being your vassal bound to stay your leisure.

O let me suffer, being at your beck,

Th' imprisoned absence of your liberty;

And patience tame to sufferance bide each check,

Without accusing you of injury.

Be where you list, your charter is so strong

That you yourself may privilege your time

To what you will; to you it doth belong

Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.

  I am to wait, though waiting so be hell,

  Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

Description: In *The Lady and the Tiger*, the man walks into the arena having no choice but to marry or die. He has to make this choice because he was caught having an affair with the princess. The king then put him in this arena with two doors one with a beautiful maiden and one with a tiger. The princess knows which one has which. She takes it upon herself to choose for the princess but the choice is made a mystery. This is sonnet by Shakespeare is analogous to the short story in that the man is like the slave and has to await his destiny and follow what the princess says even though she may bid for his death by the tiger.

[](http://www.google.com/url?sa=i&rct=j&q=open+doors&source=images&cd=&cad=rja&docid=RT2ZwUyPBrOXwM&tbnid=EY8-G7G5Qcfe6M:&ved=0CAUQjRw&url=http://www.salesprogress.com/coaching-leadership/bid/85969/Open-Sesame-6-Ways-to-Get-Prosepects-to-Open-Doors&ei=QqFQUa6FNYnt2QW7rYCABw&bvm=bv.44158598,d.aWM&psig=AFQjCNE5QD5Sx-ihyCwT5jYqrUjsf7KSVQ&ust=1364325031703697)

Description: *The Lady and the Tiger* take place in arena with two doors. These two doors are identical to each other. The two doors when opened have different outcomes. One door has a beautiful maiden in which he will be married at once, and one with a tiger in which will kill him simultaneously. These two doors represent justice in society because a criminal would be placed in front of the two doors and is given the choice which to open. In this case the door represents jealously and mercy in that the princess is given the choice, which are both a loss to her, to either save or kill this man.

**The Cask of Amontillado**

DEATH, ALWAYS CRUEL

***by: Dante Alighieri (1265-1321)***

http://www.poetry-archive.com/d_pic.gifEATH, always cruel, Pity's foe in chief,

Mother who brought forth grief,

Merciless judgment and without appeal!

Since thou alone hast made my heart to feel

This sadness and unweal,

My tongue upbraideth thee without relief.

And now (for I must rid thy name of ruth)

Behoves me speak the truth

Touching thy cruelty and wickedness:

Not that they be not known; but ne'ertheless

I would give hate more stress

With them that feed on love in very sooth.

Out of this world thou hast driven courtesy,

And virtue, dearly prized in womanhood;

And out of youth's gay mood

The lovely lightness is quite gone through thee.

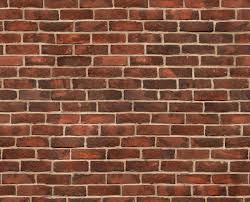
Whom now I mourn, no man shall learn from me

Save by the measure of these praises given.

Whoso deserves not Heaven

May never hope to have her company.

Description: In *the Cask of Amontillado,* A man by the name of Montesor blames all his failures on fortunato. This poem describes how Montresor is insane and how he treats Fortunato so cruely. This poem relates to the cask of Amontillado with how both the deaths end very cruelly.

[](http://www.google.com/url?sa=i&source=images&cd=&cad=rja&docid=RG4maOu4kV8Z4M&tbnid=DKc7j8icm_9lSM:&ved=0CAgQjRwwAA&url=http://www.silverlakephoto.com/brick-wall-floor/&ei=-aZQUZnVCKaY2AXdo4HgCA&psig=AFQjCNGuVtJmZJNc9umd3zIxFHQ1zHBVKw&ust=1364326521183051)

Description: This brick wall represents death and holding something back. In the story fortunate uses the brick wall towards the end of the story to kill Fortunato. The wall has many symbols like the mason who builds walls and the freemasons who was part of Montresor’s family.

The Most Dangerous Game

**Arrowhead Hunting**

BY A. E. STALLINGS

The land is full of what was lost. What's hidden

Rises to the surface after rain

In new-ploughed fields, and fields stubbled again:

The clay shards, foot and lip, that heaped the midden,

And here and there a blade or flakes of blade,

A patient art, knapped from a core of flint,

Most broken, few as coins new from the mint,

Perfect, shot through time as through a glade.

You cannot help but think how they were lost:

The quarry, fletched shaft in its flank, the blood

Whose trail soon vanished in the antlered wood,

Not just the meat, but what the weapon cost—

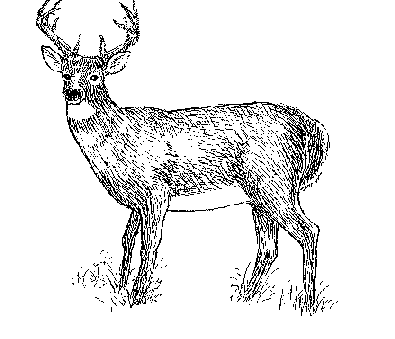
O hapless hunter, though your aim was true—

The wounded hart, spooked, fleeting in its fear—

And the sharpness honed with longing, year by year

Buried deeper, found someday, but not by you.

Description: This poem describes how General Zaroff would go out in the woods for three day looking for Rainsford. Rainsford would be able to escape every day except the last when he is found. This poem describes a hunter hunting a deer and how hard it is to find and kill these deer.



Description: This deer represents Rainsford because in the story he is like the deer trying to elude his hunter. Every day for three day the deer is successful. In the end the hunter becomes the huntee because the deer kills the hunter.

The Lottery

A chance I did not take

By: Samantha Pickett

There was once a chance i didn't take

It was too scary way out on the lake

They all yelled " Come on in the water's fine"

I started,but my heart said," No you must decline"

I watched them,they were all so happy

Splashing and kicking

Just acting sappy

The problem was they were all nude

I guess i'm what you would call a prude

I was even embarrassed to watch them

As they joined a together line

I really wanted to join them

Looking down at my jeans for a very long time

Once i started to unbutton my blouse

But my fingers stopped in mid-air

Oh why did i have this prudish fear?

Then i started thinking thoughts in the back of my mind

What would my Mama do if she would ever find

Ruby nude and dancing in the lake

There's no doubt in my mind

With a loud voice she would yell, " You best not partake"

"Cos if you do, Mama's 'gonna whip your behind."

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